

Maistresse, je n'ay pas les cheveux si grisons
 Qu'une autre de bon coeur ne prenne vostre
 place . . .

Rentrer en mon Avril desormais je ne puis:
 Aimez moy s'il vous plaist, grison comme je
 suis,

Et je vous aimeray quand vous serez de
 mesme.

Ma petite colombelle,
 Me petite toute belle,
 Mon. petit oeil, baisez
 moy . . .

O beau yeux, qui m'estiez si cruels et si doux .

. .
 Vous m'ostastes du coeur tout vulgaire penser.

Often we may apply to his verse his own
 words of Cas-
 sandre—le trait qui me navra de ta grace
 enfantine*.

Catullus himself is not so young; and soon
 becomes more
 brutal. Ronsard can be bitter; but there is
 nothing in him
 like the Roman poet's farewell to Lesbia:
 'Cum suis vivat
 valeatque moechis.' The noble frankness of
 Sappho is

less varied. Propertius remains, except at
 supreme mo-

ments, too pedantic; Petrarch, too mawkish.
 Even Shake-

speare in his Sonnets seems to me less at his
 ease alike with

grave and gay. Donne is cleverer, not better;
 often worse,

I feel, as an inferior human being—a human
 corkscrew,

that draws now intoxicating wine, now blood,
 now mere

aerated water, flashy with metaphysical
 bubbles and biting

on the tongue for a moment, but flat
 tomorrow. With

all his perfection, Herrick lacks passion.
 Alfred de Mus-

set, so bewitching while he remains playful,
 is never out

of danger of the hysterics and histrionics of
 his age. The

Meredith of *Modern Love* cuts deeper, but
 with Hide

charm and some vulgarity. The passionate

melancholy
of Dante Gabriel Rossetti suffers from the
tendency to
mystical rhodomontade which besets the
Italian mind.
Perhaps the nearest English love-poet to
Ronsard, on his
serious side, is Sir Thomas Wyatt, who has
the same
power, because he too was *une &me bien
nfe\ of en-
nobling simple speech by passionate
sincerity. But